



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

I was minding my own business when...



👁 5 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Mogwai8

“Choo lookin at?”

A bulbous, vein-popping face fills up my field of vision. Some dim part of my mind registers I might be in trouble. I have just enough time to do a sideways flick of my eyes and see that the rest of the bus are staring at me.

The words are spat at me again.

“Oi! I said wuh choo lookin at?”

I must have zoned out before and been staring at him. I squeeze my eyes shut and open them again onto the face, which has now gone a deep shade of red and is beginning to resemble a beetroot. Who is this guy? What does he...

Before I finish the thought I’m being pulled forward by the scruff of my shirt and am suddenly suspended in mid-air. None of the rest of the bus say a word. They seem to have given me up for dead meat.

Beetroot-head is staring expectantly into my face as if to say, “last chance.”

Gotta say something now. I take a deep breath. This had better be good.

[Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8](#)

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account